

Today

Mary Oliver

Today I'm flying low and I'm
not saying a word.
I'm letting all of the voodoo of ambition
sleep.

The world goes on as it must,
the bees in the garden rumbling a little,
the fish leaping, the gnats getting eaten.
And so forth.

But I'm taking the day off.
Quiet as a feather.
I hardly move though really I'm traveling
a terrific distance.

Stillness. One of the doors
into the temple.